

A rhyming story called Boredom,
Boredom, Boredom - Stuck without
Devices by Ademurewa Adesokan
(Saturday November 14th, 2015)

In Flat 5 on the second floor,
Four children in a room, not a bore.
The morning sun shone through the glass,
As Arimyrhiah woke up, so fast.

She was the first, out of bed,
With tangled braids upon her head.
Her eyes were brown, her skin so red,
A busy mind, with thoughts ahead.

She dashed to the bathroom, no time to waste,
Wash her face with soap, feeling refreshed and graced.
Her Frozen toothbrush, pink and bright,
Squeezed out toothpaste, oh, what a sight!

She brushed her teeth with care and glee,
And then she thought, "What shall it be?"
No bath today, she thought with flair,
"I'll change quick, and get some air!"

Out of her pyjamas, so bright and pink,
She chose her outfit, quick as a wink.
A peach shirt, long-sleeved and neat,
With blue jeans that couldn't be beat.

Her socks were a sight, pink and teal,
With cats all over, so fun and real.
Now, ready for the day ahead,
She smiled, her heart full of dread.

For breakfast, she said with glee,

"I think I'll make some pancakes, you see!"
She grabbed the flour, eggs, and more,
And mixed them up on the kitchen floor.

No blender to help, so she mixed by hand,
Until the batter was smooth, like sand.
She heated the pan, and poured it in,
But what came out wasn't a win.

The pancakes were rubbery, tough as could be,
But Arimyriah didn't care, as happy as can be.
"I'll eat them anyway," she said with pride,
And carried them to the living room, eyes wide.

But then, with a burst, in came her mother,
Taryn Adhikari, who'd heard all the bother.
"Arimyriah!" she shouted, "You know what's right,
You need a bath, this is not the night!"

"No pancakes for you if you don't go now,
You must take a bath, or you'll smell, somehow!"
Arimyriah, with a pout, replied with sass,
"No, Mummy, I don't want to go en masse."

"I'll have a bubble bath later, when the day is through,
And no, I'm not going, I'm telling you!"
Her mother's face grew stern, yet kind,
"I said, get in now, you'll be fine."

"Arimyriah, don't you know?
We don't eat pancakes on Saturdays, though.
It's yam for breakfast, it's our tradition,
Now hurry up, stop this resistance!"

"Or else, no devices, no fun for you,
You'll be itchy all day, what will you do?"

Arimyriah huffed and puffed, so bold,
But she knew her mum's words, so firm and cold.

"Alright, Mummy," she sighed with a frown,
"I'll go get my bath, and not let you down."
With a last look at the pancakes, she sighed,
And made her way to the bath, feeling fried.

Arimyriah stomped to the bathroom, mad,
Angry with herself, feeling quite bad.
She'd messed up breakfast, didn't quite see,
Her dad's stern voice echoed, "Bath, NOW, please!"

She met him in the hallway, nearly in tears,
Dad said, "No excuses, time to face your fears."
Almost bald with brown eyes, his tone was firm,
"Get to the bath, right now—no squirm!"

But Arimyriah, upset, slammed a cabinet wide,
Tossing things down, all in a wild ride!
Dad's voice boomed again, "Pick it all up now!"
A smack on her face, she had to bow.

Her tantrum grew louder, her mood so fierce,
Until she went to the adults to interfere.
Rochelle and Mr Robert Carter Jr. were in the room,
With kind smiles, they could help clear the gloom.

"Good morning," she said, though with a frown,
Rochelle spoke gently, "Ari, calm down.
Your bath's waiting—let's make it fun,
With pink bubbles, let's get this done!"

Arimyriah paused, the anger subsiding,
Bubble bath fun, now she was deciding.
She undressed and jumped in with a splash,

Filling the air with bubbles and a dash.

But then her brother, Arigbeniri, came near,
He smelled the bubbles, couldn't resist the cheer.
"Let me in!" he said with a grin so wide,
But Arimyriah yelled, "Out! Get aside!"

With a water pistol, she sprayed with glee,
"Get out, you're annoying, can't you see?"
Arigbeniri tattled, with tears in his eyes,
"Mum! Ari's being mean, I'm not the bad guy!"

Mum appeared, with a calm and firm tone,
"I won't beat you, but your device is gone."
Arimyriah sighed, disappointed and blue,
But back in the cold bath, she knew what to do.

The others jumped in, no care for the fuss,
They played and splashed, no need to discuss.
When ten minutes passed, it was time to dry,
Towels in hand, the children gave a sigh.

To their room they went, dressed with delight,
All ready for church, and it felt just right.

The four children set the table with care,
Each with their own colour, all ready to share.
Taylor placed a sky blue set, quite neat,
Flora had orange, a colour so sweet.
Arimyriah's pink set, girly and bright,
Arigbeniri's green, boyish delight.

Mr. Carter in a brown shirt, short-sleeved,
A navy jumper on top, new and well-weaved.
Blue jeans, white socks, black trainers so neat,

A royal blue watch on his wrist and black glasses over his eyes, quite a treat.

Rochelle wore green, a long-sleeve in place,
With a red jumper knit short, adding grace.
Blue jeans, red flats, and hair in low braids,
A look full of charm, in pigtails she swayed.

Mum wore a wine shirt, $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves that fit,
With blue jeans and socks, both white and red, bit by bit.
Dad's formal shirt, white with stripes dark blue,
Beige trousers, brown shoes, with black and white socks too.

A brown watch on his wrist, his look was complete,
A family so stylish, each one's attire neat!

Flora brought the yam, boiled and sliced,
Arimyriah's sausage sauce was nicely spiced.
Arigbeniri carried eggs, fried and hot,
Together they set the table, a beautiful lot.

Mum prayed over the food with grace,
Then Dad said, "Leave enough for the adults' space."
The children ate, Nigerian yam on their plate,
Drinking Ribena mixed with sparkling water, so great!

Taylor said, "Though we're from New Zealand's land,
We eat international food—it's grand!"
Flora chimed in, "Yam's my Saturday treat."
Arimyriah added, "I prefer pancakes, but this is neat."
Arigbeniri, with pride, said, "I eat all kinds, no fuss—
Indian and Nigerian, just like us!"

When breakfast was done, the children were quick,
Back to their room to get dressed and slick.
Taylor in navy, waterproof with style,

Flora's mustard coat made her smile.
Arimyriah's violet hooded coat was fine,
Arigbeniri's brown coat looked quite divine.

The adults finished, and in their coats,
Mr. Carter wore blue, in his Gore-Tex coat.
Rochelle wore purple, warm and neat,
Mum in wine, with a look complete.
Dad in green, without a hood,
Ready to go out, looking good.

The octet donned coats, ready to go,
Flora grabbed her art supplies in tow.
With crayons, pencils, and pens in hand,
They walked to the exterior, the day so grand.

Down the stairs, the eight did go,
Their steps echoing soft and low.
To the waiting cars, ready to start,
Each in their coats, each with their heart.

Mr. Carter pointed with a smile,
"Females in the BMW, it's been a while.
Males in the Toyota, that's the way,
So, off we go, no time to delay."

Rochelle behind the wheel, so calm,
With Mum beside her, keeping the charm.
Flora in the middle, crayons in hand,
And Arimyriah, her book at her command.

In the Toyota, Mr. Carter drove,
Dad beside him, both in the groove.
Taylor sat left, a book in his lap,
While Arigbeniri sat, ready for a nap.

"Read 30 pages, Arigbeniri, you're bright,"
"60 for Taylor, that's right."

But Taylor, frustrated, began to fume,
His thoughts swirled, filled with gloom.

He folded the pages, ripped the spine,
A small act of rebellion, feeling fine.
But then Mr. Carter's voice, so stern,
"Taylor, how could you let this book burn?"

"£20 for this book, bought from the store,
From Waterstones, August, and you tore!"
A smack to the head, Taylor's temper flared,
His frustration grew, none could compare.

Taylor, now fuming, threw the book to the floor,
Making the situation worse, that's for sure.
"Taylor, what are you doing?" Mr. Carter roared,
"Destroying the book, I can't ignore!"

"70 pages now, you're in Year 6,
And this is how you handle your fix?"
A smack on the head, and a tear in Taylor's eye,
Mr. Carter's patience was running dry.

"TV, DVD, PC, devices—no more today!
This is your punishment, you must pay."
Mr. Carter's words, firm and severe,
Taylor sat silent, consumed with fear.

The car rolled on, the motorway wide,
Mr. Carter parked, the silence to bide.
He opened his door, with a sharp command,
"Taylor, open the door, I must reprimand!"

Taylor unlocked, with trembling hands,

The door opened, as Mr. Carter stands.
His voice boomed loud, "What were you thinking, boy?
Damaging something that brought me joy!"

Taylor, remorseful, but full of regret,
"I'm sorry, Stepdaddy," his tears were set.
But Mr. Carter, unmoved by the plea,
Replied, "You'll regret this—just wait and see."

With one final look, Mr. Carter went back,
To the driver's seat, with a firm smack.
He closed the door, the car on the go,
Off to Croydon, where the church bells glow.

In the BMW, with books in hand,
Rochelle gave the girls their reading demand.
"Arimyriah, 40 pages to read,
Flora, 50—do it with speed."

Ari read quietly, no fuss to be seen,
While Flora, annoyed, was not so serene.
Forced to read more, but she did not complain,
But her actions, soon, would bring pain.

Spitting at Arimyriah, with names that were cruel,
Words sharp and cutting, breaking the rule.
The "C" word, the "F" word, and even the "N,"
All said in secret, when the mums weren't again.

Arimyriah, now crying, could barely contain,
The hurt in her heart, the tears, the strain.
The mothers, both angry, looked in distress,
At the cruelty, they could not suppress.

"Look what you've done to my daughter!" cried Mum,
The cruel words from Flora making her numb.

Rochelle, so firm, did not let it slide,
"Flora's punishment will be her device denied."

"Like Taylor, she'll learn to respect," Rochelle said,
"Devices gone, no fun ahead.
She'll pay for this, just like her brother,
That girl will be punished, like no other."

At Rochester, a stop was made,
To pick up Bro Siya, a friend well-laid.
His home in a terraced house, not too far,
And Dad's best mate, a bright shining star.

Bro Siya, with his bald head, quite bright,
In an aqua shirt, his look just right.
Teal jacket over, and jeans of blue,
Navy trainers, walking through.

His fingers, marked from a past long gone,
A baby's accident, but he moves on.
He sat beside Arigbeniri with care,
A treat for him, his heart so fair.

Mr. Carter out, to fill the car,
With petrol and treats from near and far.
Iced doughnuts in hand, they returned,
To share with the kids, their smiles earned.

In the BMW, doughnuts were shared,
Rochelle, Mum, and Ari, well-prepared.
But Flora reached out for the last one there,
Only to find it pulled with care.

"Ari gets the last, for the things you did,
Spitting and swearing, things you hid,"
Flora cried, feeling the sting,

As Arimyriah got the doughnut, a small thing.

In the Toyota, the mood grew tense,
Mr. Carter, strict, with a voice so dense,
He handed doughnuts, one by one,
To Arigbeniri, Bro Siya, Dad, and done.

But when it came to Taylor's turn,
No doughnut was given, as the lessons burn.
"Taylor, no treats for you today,
You ruined a book, and you'll have to pay!"

Taylor, upset, in defiant rage,
Snatched Arigbeniri's doughnut in a stage.
He stuffed it in, with a childish grin,
But the men's anger was swift to begin.

"Taylor, you've stolen, what a shame!"
Cried Mr. Carter, in stern exclaim.
"You don't deserve a treat, not today,
For the £20 book you threw away!"

Bro Siya, too, was filled with ire,
"You've hurt Arigbeniri, and set things afire!"
And Dad, enraged, his voice did fly,
"NOW YOU'VE MADE MY SON CRY!"

On the way to Croydon, the journey took its course,
Through Pratts Bottom, Keston, a steady driving force.
Past West Wickham, Shirley, the scenery did glide,
Then to East Croydon, West Croydon, where they'd
reside.

As the car moved forward, a question filled the air,
From Arigbeniri, his voice full of despair:
"Am I allowed my device, Dad? I've been good today,

Unlike Flora, Taylor, who misbehaved in their way.”

Tears welled in his eyes, his heart feeling the strain,
Hoping for a yes, to lift off the pain.

But Dad, with a sigh, his tone firm yet kind,
Spoke of consequences that weighed on his mind:

“You’re still on suspension from the devices, my son,
After messing up in the Year 2 toilets, I’m not yet done.
You’ve also done things at school, I must say,
That caused a bit of chaos and went the wrong way.”

Arigbeniri hung his head, feeling quite low,
His youthful spirit dimmed, his emotions did show.
But he didn’t argue, he knew what was right,
He wanted to prove that he could show maturity, with
might.

With a sigh and a nod, he chose not to speak,
Accepting his fate, though the day felt quite bleak.
For he was still learning, like all the others in the car,
To understand his actions, how they stretch near and far.

Dad’s voice softened, still firm but with care,
As he glanced in the rearview, seeing the despair.
“You’ll get through this, son, you’re growing each day,
This too shall pass, and you’ll find your own way.”

The nonet arrived at the church in Croydon’s embrace,
Stepping out of the cars with a calm, steady pace.
Flora was eager, her art supplies in tow,
From the BMW’s boot, her excitement did show.

Upstairs they went to the church’s first floor,
The building so spacious, its doors open wide,
Taylor, full of energy, chose a black chair,

Spinning around, not a care in the air.

Around he went, his dizzying ride,
Laughing with joy, his head spinning inside.
But as he slowed, his grin remained bright,
Proud of the fun he'd had in his flight.

Flora sat with focus, a smile on her face,
Her pad before her, each line in its place.
She drew a bright house beneath a clear sky,
With a sun's warm rays shining up high.

A green tree beside the house took form,
A soft white cloud, a garden full of charm.
Then she drew a bike, for Peter, in mind,
And wrote a birthday wish, in cursive so kind:

"Dear Peter Olivera, Happy 5th Birthday,
From Flora Ella Perry, in a special way."
The front had a football, the back a bike,
A card full of love, so sweet, so alike.

While Flora drew, Arimyrriah, curious, found,
Dad's laptop, ready to explore and unbound.
But when she turned it on, the password was missed,
Her efforts to log in were simply dismissed.

She took the laptop to Mum with hope in her eyes,
But Mum's firm refusal brought the sad surprise:
"No device for you, not today, my dear,
You threw a tantrum, and that's why you're here."

Arimyrriah's heart sank, but she took it in stride,
With a deep sigh, she went back to the side.
She knew now the lesson she needed to learn,
That good behaviour would be her return.

Her disappointment was clear, but she understood,
She'd have to earn back the privilege for good.
No more tantrums, no more fuss,
Tomorrow's a new chance, a chance to adjust.

Though Arigbeniri was told "no devices this week,"
He couldn't resist, so a plan he did sneak.
He switched the channel, feeling quite sly,
From CBeebies to Nicktoons with a glint in his eye.

SpongeBob was calling, so cheerful and bright,
Arigbeniri settled in for a fun-filled sight.
But just as he relaxed in his green spinning chair,
Dad appeared in the doorway, catching him unaware.

"What are you watching, my son, what's on TV?"
Arigbeniri, faintly, said, "Nicktoons, Daddy, it's me."
Dad's brow furrowed deep, a stern voice arose,
"Didn't I say no device? This rule, everyone knows!"

"Yes, Dad," Arigbeniri whispered, his head hanging low,
But he knew what was coming, and it started to show.
Dad moved to the TV, with purpose and might,
He turned off the screen, and out went the light.

Then with a sigh, he unplugged the cord,
And Arigbeniri's heart sank, his joy was ignored.
"No more TV until Tuesday, you'll see,
Because you broke the rule, no device, not for thee!"

Dad took the wire, locked it away,
Leaving Arigbeniri to reflect on his dismay.
A lesson was learned, though it stung like a bee—
Respecting the rules, that's how it must be.

Taylor, feeling sly, had a plan in his mind,
He swiped Mr. Carter's black iPad with a royal blue case,
thinking he'd find
A chance to play, to escape from the rules,
Unseen by the adults, he thought he was cool.

Upstairs he went, with his prize in his hand,
To make a tale with Aurora so grand,
On Story Theatre, he recorded his voice,
Telling a story, feeling the joy of the choice.

Next, to Hit the Button, an educational game,
He breezed through number bonds, feeling no shame,
A perfect score, 20 out of 20, so fast,
Taylor felt proud, this moment would last.

But just as he smiled, his luck turned around,
Mr. Carter marched up, making a sound.
"What the hell are you doing on my iPad, Taylor?"
His tone was harsh, and his voice grew much paler.

"Playing Hit the Button, I got 20/20,"
Taylor responded, his voice feeling plenty
Of guilt, but he tried to hide his disgrace,
Hoping his success would show in his face.

Mr. Carter shook his head, his frown deepening still,
"I told you no devices, and now, I will fulfil,
The punishment, no device today, no device tomorrow,
For swiping my iPad, you've caused me sorrow."

He took back the iPad, leaving Taylor in tears,
The weight of the lesson, sinking through fears.
Taylor's heart ached, his plans all undone,
Learning the hard way that rules should be won.

Flora had a little twinkle in her eye,
As she tiptoed downstairs, her heart soaring high.
Her mum and the others were busy, out of sight,
But Flora had plans to play and delight.

The iPad sat there, so easy to see,
Rochelle's white iPad, wrapped in violet, so free.
With a sly little grin, Flora made her move,
She knew no one would catch her, she was in the groove.

She sat on the couch, holding the device tight,
Flipping through apps, feeling just right.
On Sky Go, she tuned into Disney Channel SD,
Channel 609, her world full of glee.

Her favourite shows played, her laughter was loud,
She felt like a queen, so happy, so proud.
But after a while, the fun started to wane,
And Flora's attention drifted, it wasn't the same.

She tapped on Frozen Story Theatre, bright as can be,
And started to craft a tale with glee.
Queen Elsa in her ice palace, so grand,
With a snowy kingdom at her command.

She typed the title, and added her name,
A masterpiece created, she felt the fame.
Her fingers worked swiftly, her mind in the flow,
But little did she know, her mum was about to show.

Just as Flora finished her royal creation,
Rochelle entered the room, with no hesitation.
"What are you doing, Flora? On my iPad, too?
I told you no devices, and now I see you."

Flora froze, panic set in her chest,

Her mum's stern look made her feel unrest.
"I-I'm sorry, Mummy," Flora stammered,
Her smile faded, her excitement shattered.

"I was making a story, about Elsa, you see,
I didn't mean to disobey, honestly."
But Rochelle's face remained hard as stone,
"You know the rules, Flora, you've been shown."

She took the iPad, with a swift motion,
The punishment now felt like an ocean.
"No devices today, and none tomorrow,
You've broken the rule, now feel the sorrow."

Flora's heart sank, her spirit deflated,
She felt like a child who had misbehaved and hated.
Her little adventure came to a quick end,
As Rochelle returned downstairs, taking her friend.

Flora sat in silence, tears in her eyes,
Her tiny rebellion, met with a great surprise.
She'd been caught and punished for the fun she'd
sought,
And the sadness of it all, she had dearly bought.

She realised then, that breaking the rule,
Had led her astray, she felt like a fool.
Flora wanted her iPad back, to play and create,
But her mum had made it clear—she had sealed her fate.

The minutes ticked, the seconds slow,
Taylor sat, with nowhere to go.
The devices off, a rule so strict,
And boredom grew, with nothing to pick.

"I could draw like my sister bright,

A birthday card, a lovely sight.
For Peter, Bro Siya's son so dear,
Turning five tomorrow, what a cheer!"

But drawing felt too girly for him,
A pastime he thought not worth a whim.
His sister's art, so full of grace,
Was not his style, not his place.

"No, I'll find another way,"
He thought to himself, on this dull day.
A plan was forming, mischief ahead,
Excitement brewing in his head.

He put on his coat, navy blue,
Tugged it on, ready to pursue.
Down the stairs, he crept with care,
Hoping no one would be aware.

He spotted Mr. Carter's coat so neat,
Hanging by the door, within reach, a treat.
A quick swipe, and the wallet was his,
A grin spread across his face with bliss.

"I'll go to Lidl, down the street,
Find a cake for Peter, something sweet.
He's turning five, a special day,
I'll pick the best cake, come what may!"

With the wallet tucked under his arm,
He sneaked outside, without alarm.
The door creaked, but no one heard,
As he walked off, his mind was stirred.

Behind the backs of the adults so near,
He ventured off, with no fear.

To Lidl he went, his mission clear,
A birthday cake for Peter, brought near.

With a sly smirk and a gleam in his eye,
He walked down the road, under the sky.
No one to stop him, no one to see,
Taylor's mischief was running free.

Taylor walked through Lidl's doors,
His heart set on the cake he swore,
Would make Peter's birthday so sweet,
A chocolate treat, a special feat.

He searched the shelves with careful eyes,
A chocolate cake, what a surprise!
"This one will do," Taylor thought with glee,
For Peter's love of chocolate, you see.

But as he picked it from the shelf,
Unbeknownst to him, without help,
Mr. Carter walked through the store,
A mission in mind, he wasn't a bore.

He scanned the aisles, then saw a sight,
Taylor with the cake, his mind alight.
"Taylor, what are you doing here,
All by yourself? You should have fear."

Taylor froze, his heart skipped a beat,
He'd acted out, now facing defeat.
"I'm buying a cake for Peter, you see,
It's his birthday tomorrow, it's meant to be."

Mr. Carter's face grew cold and stern,
He'd taught Taylor lessons he'd soon learn.
"You can't be out here, you're too young,

You could be harmed, dangers unsung."

"This cake's not for Peter, it's for Roscoe,
My younger brother, you should know.
Give me the cake and my wallet, son,
You've made a mistake, the fun is done."

Taylor, embarrassed, lowered his head,
He'd acted rashly, filled with dread.
But Mr. Carter was firm and clear,
This lesson for Taylor was one to adhere.

He paid for the cake, as planned all along,
Back to the church, the two walked strong.
Taylor, in silence, thought of his deed,
Wishing he'd listened, instead of taking the lead.

"No devices for you until Tuesday now,"
Mr. Carter said, furrowing his brow.
"For swiping my wallet and going alone,
You'll face the consequences, now you've been shown."

Back to the church, they both arrived,
With Taylor feeling less alive.
He'd learned a lesson, but at what cost,
A moment of mischief, now he'd lost.

Taylor went upstairs, and what did he find?
Arimyriah busy, with a creative mind.
She was writing a story, Little Red Riding Hood,
Using Flora's pens, as only a sibling would.

The black fountain pen inked the tale with care,
While coloured pencils brought the pictures flair.
She even used coloured pens to add some style,
Creating her masterpiece, page by page, with a smile.

But Arigbeniri, with mischief alight,
Had other plans to make his day bright.
He snuck into Dad's office, quiet as a mouse,
And stole yellow post-its to redecorate the house.

With a playful grin, he wrote signs galore,
Labelling each room with titles to explore.
"Door to Pastor's Office," on one note he scrawled,
And stuck it where Dad's office was called.

"Store Room 1" and "Store Room 2,"
Adorned the storage doors in bright yellow hue.
"Upstairs Toilet" was his final jest,
A post-it stuck where it fit the best.

The house became a world of signs and rhyme,
As Taylor observed their antics in time.
Arimyriah's artistry and Arigbeniri's fun,
Filled the upstairs with laughter for everyone.

Suddenly, Dad climbed the stairs with care,
Looking for post-its he knew should be there.
"Where are my sticky notes?" he asked aloud,
His tone was curious, neither harsh nor proud.

He glanced at the doors, and what did he spy?
Labels on post-its stuck up high.
"Who has used my notes to write door signs?
Arigbeniri, is this one of your designs?"

"No, it's my sister," the boy replied,
But Arimyriah heard and loudly cried.
"That's not true, it wasn't me!"
Her tears came quickly for Dad to see.

Dad looked again, his voice now stern,
“Arigbeniri, it’s time to learn.
This isn’t her writing; it’s clear to the eye.
Don’t tell me stories; do not lie.”

“I don’t want to cry, Daddy!” he pled,
His face growing red as the truth was said.
But before Dad could respond to the scene,
Mum joined the moment, calm but keen.

“You can cry,” she said with a witty cheer,
“After wasting Daddy’s post-its here!”
Her words brought a chuckle, despite the mess,
Teaching Arigbeniri to do his best.

Dad had enough, his patience worn thin,
He smacked Arigbeniri, a scolding to begin.
“HOW COULD YOU WASTE MY POST-IT NOTES?!”
His voice thundered loud, as anger he wrote.

“Pinning the blame on your sister too,
This messy mischief—I know it was you!
Your writing’s the proof; it’s clearly displayed,
And last week the toilet, what mess you made!”

Arimyriah spoke up, bold and clear,
“It was four weeks ago, not last week, dear.”
But Dad’s temper flared; he let out a shout,
“SHUT UP, OR I’LL SLAP YOU TOO!” came his clout.

Turning back, his voice still stern,
“No device till Wednesday—that’s what you’ll learn.
For wasting my notes and important things,
This is the penalty your mischief brings.”

With tears in his eyes, Arigbeniri fled,

Down the stairs, with regret in his head.

When evangelising came to a close,
Arimyriah asked, as curiosity rose,
"Excuse me, Bro Siya, can you please tell,
Where will Peter's cake come from, do you dwell?

Will it be from Aldi, where you usually go?
Or will it be somewhere else we don't know?"
Bro Siya laughed, with a chuckle so bright,
"I won't get it from Aldi, that's not right.

It will be from the cake shop, fresh and sweet,
A place where the treats can't be beat!"

Then the nonet set off, the same cars in tow,
Through Purley and Caterham, they continued to go.
Past London and Surrey, on the motorway fast,
Until Rochester again, where Bro Siya would last.

He'd rest at home after the day's fun,
While the others kept going, their journey not done.
As the octet passed Strood, Flora was keen,
"Where are we now, Mummy?" she asked in between.

Rochelle, driving, her answer was near,
"We're past Strood, near the Oliveras' place here.
It's the area after, in Kent's embrace,
Near Rochester, a familiar place!"

When the octet arrived home, tired but content,
They got out of the car, and up the stairs they went.
Two flights they climbed, with effort and cheer,
To reach Flat 5, their familiar place near.

Once inside, the coats and shoes came off,

And to the sitting room they made their way, not slow,
not rough.

Rochelle, ever prepared, had a treat in store,
An Australian meat pie for lunch, to adore.

For dessert, she whipped up a New Zealand pavlova,
sweet and light,

A meal that brought comfort, pure delight.

But the children, eager and full of cheer,

Had other plans, despite what they were told to adhere.

They switched the TV on, ignoring the rule,

And Flora, with a flick, changed the channel, acting cool.

From Sky Channel 611, Disney Junior on screen,

She moved it to Sky Channel 604, Nickelodeon, it
seemed.

But the TV screen wasn't as it should be,

There were thick lines covering much of the display, you
could see.

It was the aftermath of Arigbeniri's mischief and fun,

When he'd sprayed the water gun to clean, but didn't
think it'd be undone.

This had happened two weeks and five days ago,

When Arigbeniri thought he'd give the TV a go,

Trying to wash it without much care,

And now the lines remained, bringing despair.

"What a funny TV!" Taylor said with a grin,

The screen was mostly covered, no fun within.

Flora sighed, looking at the screen with dismay,

"The Nick logo's hidden, just look at it today!"

A tear glistened in her eye, as she didn't see the logo's
orange hue,

That little symbol of joy, now blocked from view.
A simple mistake, a water gun spree,
Had left the TV a sight none could agree.

In the sitting room, quite a scene,
Taylor, Flora, and Arimyrriah keen,
Watching TV, though not with delight,
Nickelodeon shows, just not quite right.
Arimyrriah didn't enjoy what was on,
But they sat and watched, as the time went on.

Meanwhile, young Arigbeniri, full of glee,
Kissed every object, from A to Z.
The couch, the table, the lamp and the chair,
Not a spot in the room left to spare.
His lips were busy, the mission unclear,
Kissing all things, far and near.

Then in came Mr. Carter, a teacher, a guide,
Not sad or angry, but surprised, eyes wide.
He saw what Arigbeniri was up to that day,
And wondered, "Why kiss all things this way?"

"Arigbeniri Adhikari," he said with a frown,
"Why kiss everything that you can find around?
You're not Upsy Daisy, from In The Night Garden, you
see,
Who kisses each object with such joyful glee."

Arigbeniri froze, then stopped all at once,
Realizing his actions, no longer a fun bunch.
He sat on the couch, a little abashed,
No more kissing, his fun had been dashed.

But alas, the TV was not in its prime,
A splash of water had marred its design.

The screen was damaged, the picture was gone,
No one could watch, so the fun was all wrong.

Now all sat in silence, no TV to see,
Arigbeniri's mischief had caused such a plea.
The joy of the room was lost in the air,
As the TV's fate was now laid bare.

Rochelle, in the kitchen, worked with care,
Creating a lunch beyond compare.
A mega meat pie, golden and grand,
A pavlova too, from her own hand.
Plates and cups, knives, forks, and spoons,
Set neatly for the meal, afternoon tunes.

The table was ready, all laid out neat,
A small, semi-transparent table to greet.
She placed a glass of water, shining bright,
And called out to the children, "Come, it's time for a bite!"

"Children, it's time for lunch today,
Mega meat pie for lunch, and pavlova after play!"
The kids, engrossed in their show, paused the screen,
Their mouths watering at the feast unseen.
They rushed to the table, excitement on their faces,
Ready for lunch, in all its embraces.

Rochelle, with love, served them with care,
Dishing out portions, a meal to share.
The four children sat, hungry and keen,
To savour the lunch that had been set in between.

The mega meat pie, hearty and hot,
Was sliced and served in a generous plot.
They tucked in eagerly, each bite a delight,

As they tasted Rochelle's cooking, just right.

Then came the pavlova, fluffy and sweet,
A masterpiece from the land of the Kiwi treat.
With whipped cream and fruit piled high,
The children's joy reached the sky.

"We love Mummy's meat pie," Taylor declared,
As he savoured each bite, feeling cared.
Flora, with a grin, added her voice,
"This pavlova's the best, no other choice!"

The children ate with smiles so wide,
Rochelle's Oceanian dishes, their joy couldn't hide.
The meal was a hit, every bite so true,
They were grateful for Mummy, who always knew.

Arimyriah fetched her Baby Annabell,
With nappies and bottles, prepared so well.
"I'll be the nanny," she proudly declared,
To the sitting room, her things she spared.

Batteries inserted, the doll came to life,
Coos and cries added to her playful strife.
The bottle she filled with water so clear,
While Mr. Carter hid the cake with care.

He placed Roscoe's treat deep in the freeze,
A birthday surprise to keep him pleased.
Meanwhile, Arimyriah fed her doll,
With water that mimicked a baby's call.

Then off to the toilet, she hatched a plan,
To make her role-play as real as she can.
She dirtied a nappy and placed it right,
On Baby Annabell, to her delight.

She swapped the nappy with hands so quick,
“The smell must go; it’s making me sick!”
To the bin in the bathroom, she went with haste,
But soon had second thoughts—what a waste!

Out of her window, she threw it away,
Ensuring the smell would not ruin her day.
With a grin of mischief, her game complete,
She sat with Annabell, her nanny feat.

The children sat down, their books in their hands,
Their teachers had made the strictest demands.
From Rose Class, Mrs. Spears, aged forty-one,
And Miss Berry from Clover, at fifty-seven, had fun.

Taylor was given The Bank Robbery tale,
A book full of tricks that would never fail.
He read of a heist and plans gone astray,
How justice prevailed at the end of the day.

Flora’s book, Pol and Pax on Earth,
Taught her of teamwork and friendship’s worth.
Aliens and humans learning to share,
Their planet’s beauty, so precious and rare.

Arimyriah held Danny the Water Dragon in hand,
A story of water and a magical land.
Danny, the dragon, helped rivers flow,
Teaching respect for the earth as we grow.

Arigbeniri’s book, The Bully, was deep,
A tale of kindness that made him think steep.
He read of a bully who learned to care,
Finding forgiveness in hearts everywhere.

Each child was tasked with a thoughtful recount,
To tell their mothers the lessons that mount.
They read and prepared, their stories to share,
Of robbers, dragons, and friendships fair.

Taylor spoke first, his details were grand,
He shared each story with care, hand in hand.
The poem, four tales, he recalled with ease,
Making Rochelle proud, she praised him with peace.
In his purple record, she wrote down the date,
"Read very clearly, his detail was great."

Flora came next, her words not as strong,
Her recall of Pol and Pax wasn't too long.
Though she read clearly, her telling was light,
Rochelle wrote kindly, but noted it right:
"Read very clearly but recalled fairly vague,"
Her purple record showed no sharp critique's plague.

Arimyriah followed, with facts on her mind,
But skipped the tale, leaving the story behind.
Her mum was upset but noted her skill,
"Read fluently," she wrote, though not with a thrill.
Her orange record reflected her pace,
But Mum hoped for more in the storytelling space.

Arigbeniri was last, with his book on display,
He told of The Bully and a magic key's sway.
How Rosie transformed—a parrot, dinosaur, and more,
A lesson in kindness she couldn't ignore.
Mum smiled as she wrote in his orange log too,
"Read well and recalled well" for the tale he knew.

After their books, they switched their attire,
To pyjamas of comfort, their evening's desire.
Mum brewed up drinks for her children to sip,

Each in their own cup, a warm evening trip.

For Taylor, Ovaltine in a sky-blue mug,
Its creamy aroma gave him a snug hug.
Flora's orange cup held hot milk so sweet,
With sugar that made it a special treat.

Arimyriah's pink cup, filled with tea and charm,
With milk and sugar, it felt safe and warm.
Arigbeniri's green cup had hot chocolate's glow,
Its velvety richness a pleasure to know.

They paired their drinks with the pavlova's delight,
A New Zealand treat from their pudding that night.
The table was buzzing, the children well-fed,
But just as they rose, Mum firmly said:

"Not so fast, stay here awhile,
We need to reflect," she spoke with a smile.
"From morning till now, let's talk and discuss,
The events of today that concern all of us."

Rochelle stood firm, her patience was thin,
"We need to discuss all that's happened within.
From morning till now, it's been a rough ride,
But tomorrow's a chance for the rules to abide."

She began with Arimyriah, who rose before all,
Skipping her bath, ignoring the call.
She brushed her teeth and washed her face,
Then dressed herself in a shabby disgrace.
"Shut up!" she had yelled, her brother dismissed,
With a water gun soak, she added to the list.

Taylor was next; his actions weren't bright,
A £20 book damaged outright.

Bought by Mr. Carter from Waterstones red,
Its torn-up condition left Mr Carter with dread.

Flora's words were harsh and unkind,
Her cruel remarks left everyone behind.
She spat at Ari, her temper was flared,
Then used vile language, her actions impaired.

The C word, the F word, and the N word, too,
Were all spoken, and it was clear to view,
That Flora's outbursts weren't helpful at all,
Her words caused pain, and Rochelle took the fall.

She'd called her sister names, hurtful and rude,
And this behaviour put the family in a bad mood.
Rochelle was upset, feeling disappointment rise,
For such words could hurt, cutting like knives.

In response, she made it clear with a sigh,
That this behaviour was something they couldn't let fly.
Her actions were unkind, as she tried to explain,
That respect and love were the only real gain.

Later, Taylor took what was not his right,
Snatching a doughnut, though forbidden that night.
Arigbeniri, banned from devices all week,
Ignored the rules for the TV to peek.
Then Flora and Taylor, while no one could see,
Swiped Mum and Dad's devices with glee.

Taylor ventured to Lidl, defiant and sly,
Taking Mr. Carter's wallet on the sly.
He tried to buy Peter a cake for his cheer,
Though meant for Roscoe's birthday near.

Arigbeniri wasted post-it notes galore,

Turning them into signs to hang on his door.
And Arimyrriah's act left Mum aghast,
She threw a soiled nappy out of her window at last.

Flora's story recall was vague at best,
And Ari's dragon facts failed the test.
Rochelle sighed deeply, then firmly explained,
"That tomorrow's a chance to regain what's strained."

"Taylor, your device day is Tuesday next,
Flora, on Monday, you'll have your text.
Ari, tomorrow, you'll have time to engage,
And Arigbeniri, Wednesday's your page."

"Now to your room, think of the day,
And how we can make it better, I pray.
Let's aim for respect, for kindness and care,
And a day where fairness fills the air."

The children went to their rooms with a quiet sigh,
Reflecting on the day that had gone awry.
Each one was thinking, their minds running fast,
What could they change, how could they make it last?

It had been a long day, filled with regret,
And each of them knew they'd been far from set.
They thought about their actions, how they'd strayed,
Hoping tomorrow would bring a better display.

Then Dad came in, holding a sight,
A nappy, soiled, it was not right.
It was the one Arimyrriah had tossed with disdain,
Out of her window, in a childish campaign.

With a stern look, Dad entered the room,
The weight of his disappointment beginning to loom.

His Indian accent thickened with crossness,
His words sharp, his patience a mess.

“Arimyriah, what is this?” he demanded,
His voice firm, his presence expanded.
Arimyriah, startled, her heart raced fast,
Afraid of the consequence, she wished it would pass.

“Sorry,” she muttered, voice barely a sound,
Her body tense, her head looking down.
But Dad wasn’t asking for just an apology,
He needed an answer, with no form of mythology.

“I’m not asking you to be sorry!” he cried,
His voice louder, his frustration amplified.
“WHAT IS THIS?” he asked again, this time sharp,
His disappointment in her now left a mark.

“A nappy I threw out of the window,”
She said, her voice faint, her shoulders low.
Her eyes glanced away, afraid of his stare,
She knew she’d done wrong, the guilt laid bare.

Dad’s expression grew dark, his anger was clear,
He wasn’t shouting, but the message was near.
“If I see you poo in any pampers and throw it again,
You’ll be in serious trouble, my dear, remember when.”

His warning was final, his patience was thin,
But his love for his daughter remained deep within.
He turned and went outside, the nappy in hand,
To dispose of the mess and make sure it was banned.

The children remained, each lost in thought,
Contemplating the lessons they’d learned, and what
they’d have sought.

It was bedtime, though the day had been tough,
But they knew tomorrow, they'd have to be rough.

No devices to distract, no screens to gaze,
It was time to reflect on the mistakes they'd appraise.
The day was done, with a heavy heart's sigh,
But tomorrow, they'd choose better and aim to comply.

THE END